T. V.'S NEW "REALISM" BY RING LARDNER, JR.

THE Nation

August 13, 1955
20c

Mission to Iowa

MIDSUMMER SANITY

by Charles F. Ransom

AT THE HORA FARM

by Nick Thimmesch

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Morocco in Ferment — *Marvine Howe*
With a Comment by Pierre Mendes-France

Atoms and Politics — *J. A. del Vayo*
A Dispatch from Geneva

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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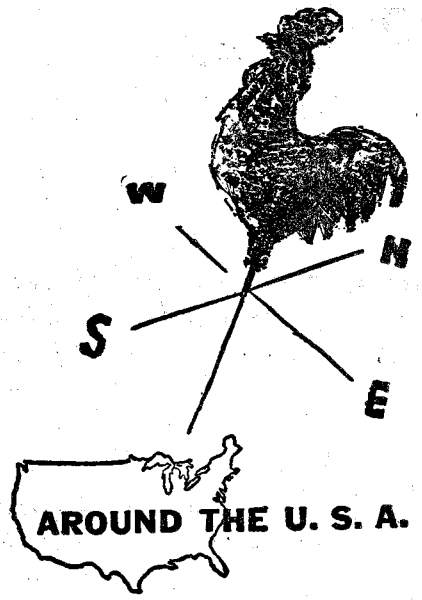

The Russians Visit George Hora

Iowa City

THE George Hora farm is near one of the many bends in Washington County road "R" in southeast Iowa, and unless it is Christmas or corn-picking time, there isn't much traffic around the place. But matters were different on the hot morning of July 19, because the twelve-man Russian farm delegation was coming.

The Russians, who had been given a welcome marked by cheering and applause in Des Moines, and who had already made a hit with the press, largely because of the good-natured orneriness of Alexander Tulupnikov, were scheduled to arrive at the Hora place at 11 a. m. But they had been delayed, it was learned later, partly because they had stopped for some roadside ice-cream specialties called "Idiot's Delights" and "Tummy Busters."

The vanguard of the press corps of sixty (they outnumbered the Russians five to one) had already arrived, and photographers, movie and TV cameramen, tape-recorder technicians, and reporters were milling about the Hora lawn, ferreting out members of the family for interviews, and trying to get an "Iowa opinion" from some of Mr. Hora's farmer neighbors.

Inside the large, well-weathered farmhome, Mrs. Hora, a woman in her late thirties, was setting out the pies and cakes she would later serve, along with fried chicken and the rest of a country meal, to her Russian guests. Of Bohemian descent, Mrs. Hora also made a batch of *kolaches*. "They probably know what they are," she said. "I wanted them to have something special. I wonder what they'll think of us?"

Grandmother Hora said, "We're just as much a curiosity as they are."

Then came the cry, "The bus is coming!" Mrs. Hora hurried to the front-room window. On the lawn, newsmen scampered toward the gravel driveway and edged one another for positions of vantage. First man out of the bus was John Strohm, an Illinois farm journalist who was acting as tour leader. He waved his arms, and said: "We'll have a short picture-taking session right here, but then we've got to take them into the house. Okay?"

The press said it was okay, and out of the chartered air-conditioned bus bounced Vladimir Matskevich (already nicknamed "Baldy" by the press), First Deputy Minister of Agriculture in Russia. Matskevich smiled, and bent over to greet warmly the Hora's seven-year-old daughter, Katherine. In turn, each of the Russians greeted the Horas and their two children.

Wearing bright sport shirts and straw hats acquired the night before in Des Moines, the visitors amiably shook hands for nearly twenty minutes so pictures could be taken.

The abstraction that many of the newsmen and certainly all of the 120 residents of the area who were there had known as "Russian" or "Communist" had appeared in flesh and blood, had smiled, showing stainless steel fillings in some cases, and had shaken hands all around. They could almost have been visiting Rotarians.

After their lunch, the Russians walked about a hundred yards to Hora's main hog-pens and showed surprising agility in getting over the fences. There had been speculation as to whether they were "real dirt farmers," and it was learned that they weren't any more, but had been once. The Iowa farmers were getting a kick out of Tulupnikov, an adviser to the Soviet Ministry of Agriculture. He was joking right along, sometimes in English, and even after some quips had gone through the monotone voice of the State Department interpreter, they brought laughter from the crowd. Many, besides the Russians, were busy taking notes on the size of the litters, the number of brood sows kept, the kinds of feed used.

The Russians mopped their foreheads in the ninety-degree heat, took notes all the while, and were especially interested when, on Mr. Hora's shady front porch, he showed them his bookkeeping: His visitors, through interpreters, expressed genuine surprise that Hora and his seventeen-year-old son could farm the 160 acres with no other help. They were also surprised to learn about the quantities of feed Hora used, his annual expenditure for machinery, and what his annual net profit was.

While the porch conference was being held, a businessman from a nearby town, who was among the spectators, said to another onlooker: "I can't get one of them to look me in the eye. I'm still skeptical about them."

After the conference, the Russians thanked the Horas for a meal which they said they praised "by deeds, not words," and walked onto the lawn. There they were introduced to Dr. Virgil M. Hancher, president of the State University of Iowa, which is about twenty-five miles from the Hora farm. Mr. Tulupnikov, only member of the delegation who could speak English, walked over to Hancher, felt the grey suit he was wearing, and asked him how he could wear a suit on such a hot day.

"It's light weight, you see," Hancher replied. "It's tropical."

Tulupnikov showed more surprise and said something like, "I see, I see."

In a little while, the Russians were in their bus again, heading for Cedar Rapids, followed by their press-corps caravan and a vast cloud of dust. NICK THIMMESCH

[*Nick Thimmesch is an Iowa newspaperman.*]

IN AN EARLY ISSUE

"Population, Food Supplies, and Agriculture" By Mordecai Ezekiel. Formerly with the Department of Agriculture, now a staff member of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, Dr. Ezekiel sets forth an important and dramatic proposal for the use of American agricultural surpluses.

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VOLUME 181, NUMBER 7
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1955

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

Adventure in Understanding

To Lauren Soth of the Des Moines *Register* should go a Nobel Prize for his suggestion, offered in a wayward editorial mood last February, that the Russians should send a delegation of farm experts to Iowa. His casual proposal has blossomed into one of the most important news stories of the post-Geneva period. Besides this, it has been brilliantly vindicated in application. In the first place it proposed a cultural exchange in an area in which Russia and America have a great deal in common, namely, the management of a plains agriculture. Harry Schwartz, the Russian expert of the New York *Times*, and others, have tried to make it appear that the visit would be of small use to the Russians; soil and climatic conditions, they say, are so different that what the Russians see and learn will have little relevance to their problems. Curious about this piece of information, we consulted some American agricultural experts and, on their recommendation, glanced at M. Y. Nuttonson's paper "The Ecological Crop Geography of the Ukraine and the Agro-Climatic Analogues in North America" (1947). While this brochure is not ideal summer reading, we recommend it to Mr. Schwartz.

One learns, for example, that the best corn varieties of the Ukrainian belt have long been American varieties. The average temperature in May around Fargo, North Dakota, and Moorhead, Minnesota, is 55 or 56 degrees; in the best corn-growing part of the Ukraine the average in May is 58 to 59 degrees. In September the temperatures in the two areas are nearly identical. On the American side, a number of experts feel that a great opportunity exists to grow large crops of corn economically in the Red River, even north of Moorhead, and that the visit of American farm experts to Russia will be useful in this connection. Clearly, therefore, the visits of the two farm delegations are not merely good-will missions. But on this score alone it was a stroke of genius to bring the Russians directly to the Midwest. It was here that the experience of discovering that Russians are human beings, "just like Americans" who "leave watermelon seeds all over the floor," most needed to be dramatized. Mr. Soth projected his proposal originally as "an adventure in human understanding" (see: *The Nation*, March 26, 1955, page 249). It has been more than that; it ranks among the most successful adventures in amateur diplomacy of the post-war period. From different points of view, the articles by Mr. Ransom and Mr. Thimmesch in this issue substantiate our high evaluation of the experience.

The Road To Sanity

To the boisterous singing of such barber-shop-quartet favorites as The Old Mill Stream, Let the Rest of the World Go By, and On Moonlight Bay, the first session of the 84th Congress has adjourned. On the score of constructive social legislation, the record of this session is not impressive. The reciprocal-trade legislation was extended, minimum wages were raised to $1 an hour, the salary scale of government workers was adjusted upward, postal employees received an increase in wages, and 45,000 new public-housing units were authorized. But the major issues were deferred to the second session, the better to make political capital of the debate and ensuing record in the 1956 campaign. Under this heading fall such items as: aid to education, appropriations for public power projects, highway construction, regulation of natural gas, taxes, farm legislation, foreign trade. On the other hand, this session did not adopt any notably bad legislation; the restraint shown on internal-security schemes was significant.

The achievements of the session were political rather than legislative. The Democrats, aided by Eisenhower Republicans, gave the Administration a remarkable freedom for negotiation at the Geneva conference. It was Senator George, moreover, who provided the initiative for the summit meeting. The coercive power of the right-wing Republicans was sharply reduced and Senator McCarthy was isolated—both achievements being largely due to astute Democratic leadership. The handling of legislative hearings showed some slight improvement. The Dixon-Yates hearings were important and effective. The Dixon-Yates contract was the first attempt to breech the New Deal public-power policy. Had it succeeded, it would have resulted in a series of similar raids. That this initial raid was halted is largely due to Senator Kefauver and his Democratic colleagues. It is disappointing to note, however, that under Senator Eastland, as chairman of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and Congressman Walter as chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, the inquisitorial hearings have continued under Democratic leadership with no measurable improvement in the treatment of witnesses or restriction on subject matter. But one must be thankful for small political favors these days and, in this humble mood, it can be said

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The Nation, August 13, 1955, Volume 181, No. 7

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright, 1955, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13 1879 at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879 Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office Montgomery, Alabama. Printing Office, 1603 Reuben Street

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1. **Change of Address:** Three weeks notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

that the session of Congress just concluded marked a mild improvement, in tone and manner, over the previous two sessions. Congress seems at least to have located the road to sanity.

The King-Sized Giveaway

Withholding announcement of their decision until Congress had adjourned, the five Republican-appointed members of the Federal Power Commission have just presented the Idaho Power Company with the biggest gift of the season: a fifty-year license to construct and operate three low-level hydroelectric dams in the Hell's Canyon area of the Snake River. Hell's Canyon is, of course, one of our last great undeveloped natural power and water storage sites; it would be difficult, therefore, to capitalize the resource presented to a private utility company which has one of the highest rate structures in the region. The Hell's Canyon giveaway is truly of the king-size variety. As such it is crude, impudent, indefensible, and, fortunately, politically suicidal. The decision is certain to infuriate voters in the Pacific Northwest and will be regarded in other areas as an accurate measure of this Administration's subservience to the private power interests. If the sordid Dixon-Yates affair failed to make the point, the Hell's Canyon giveaway has clearly established that the Eisenhower Administration is perhaps more beholden to the utilities than to any of the other big-business interests by which it is owned, managed, and directed.

Another Round for Bridges

Once again the Department of Justice has lost a round in its fifteen-year-old fight to deport Harry Renton Bridges. In December, 1939, James M. Landis, former dean of the Harvard Law School, found against the government after a lengthy hearing. In June, 1945, the Supreme Court declared a warrant of deportation against Bridges to be unlawful, reversing the decision of Presiding Inspector Charles B. Sears. In June, 1953, the Supreme Court set aside the conviction of Bridges, Robertson, and Schmidt for perjury arising out of the endless deportation proceedings. Now Judge Louis Goodman, in a civil proceeding, has refused to revoke Bridges's citizenship. In this latest proceeding, Judge Goodman points out that, like Dean Landis before him, he simply could not believe the testimony of the government's five ex-Communist witnesses, "tinged and colored with discrepancies, animosities, vituperations, hates . . . ," relating to matters which occurred ten and twenty years ago. Judge Goodman found, for example, that the witness Schomaker could recall not merely the precise time and location of meetings which took place twenty years ago but exactly what each person in attendance had said.

By any standard of fairness and good sense, Judge Goodman's decision should end further civil or criminal prosecution of the Bridges case. But if the Department of Justice is finally forced to drop this shameful

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proceeding, what can it do with the small army of officials, immigration inspectors, professional witnesses, informers, and tellers-of-tall-tales who have lived off the case these last fifteen years? Dropping any one of them from the payroll would be dangerous; there is always the possibility, as the department has discovered of recantations. Fortunately most of these officials have grown old and will soon be eligible for retirement. To Bridges they are indebted for fifteen years of lucrative government employment and the pensions that one day will be theirs.

Diplomatic Friends

The United States will not recognize Communist China nor agree to its supplanting Nationalist China in the United Nations. But an American Ambassador is talking to a Chinese Communist Ambassador and is doing so, significantly, in the Geneva Home of the United Nations—as Mr. del Vayo points out in this issue. The position of the United States is thus both awkward and equivocal. It won't and it must; it will and it can't. But American leaders know that if war is to be avoided, China as well as Russia must come within the circle of coexistence. And so de facto recognition is already here, and what remains is to get over the enormous hurdle Washington set up when it established a military protectorate over Formosa and Chiang Kai-shek.

One of the most convenient and time-honored methods of getting past a diplomatic awkwardness is to arrange concessions through neutral intermediaries. This was done in the case of the American airmen held in China and may be tried again in arranging the mutual delivery—the word "exchange" is not permitted—of civilians detained by both governments. After that the way may be open for direct talks on the more basic issues which must be settled.

. . . And How to Lose Them

All this being evident, we are at a loss to understand the failure of Washington to acknowledge India's role and the services of Krishna Menon, Premier Nehru's personal ambassador, in obtaining the freedom of the fliers. As we understand it, the news of their release came not from Hong Kong, as reported, but from Ambassador Cooper in New Delhi, who had heard it direct from Nehru. But the Administration thanked everybody else who had anything to do with the matter and said not a word about the Indians' help.

Why? Is it because the President and Mr. Dulles resent India's neutrality; object to a nation which is not tied to American apron strings playing a role of leadership in Asia? If so, the Administration's pique is painfully shortsighted. For our failure to acknowledge and welcome India's role creates an opportunity which the Russians and Chinese will exploit to the hilt. Already both governments go out of their way to let it be known that India is being consulted on various issues. For example, Peking made a point of requesting that India be asked to screen the returning Chinese students. Whether agreed to or not, the gesture will emphasize China's friendly feeling. And if India should make the check, Washington, having resisted it, would get no credit anywhere. This makes little sense in view of the obvious necessity for a neutral "bridge" between this country and the major Communist states to which we are beginning to edge up.

The Veto Power

In a recent speech before the Advertising Federation of America, Mr. Clarence Eldridge, executive vice-president of the Campbell Soup Company, asserted the advertiser's right to control the media in which he advertises with a bluntness that distressed the advertising fraternity but which, we venture to suggest, actually reflects the prevailing philosophy of his business colleagues. Advertising, he said, "should exercise its power of the purse to recapture at the very least a veto power over the kind of entertainment with which it will associate itself." Continuing, he said: "Do we not have . . . the right of selection and rejection . . . to refuse to support . . . advertising media whose policies tend, in our individual judgment, to be destructive of our legitimate or national interests?" To make clear what he had in mind, Mr. Eldridge called attention to the fact that various media permit material to appear in their editorial columns and over their TV and radio stations that is "inimical to business and businessmen." This, of course, is the ultimate heresy in American society, but seldom has it been defined with less vagueness. Mr. Eldridge may be exceptionally frank; he is by no means exceptional. Isn't his view of the businessman's prerogative conceded, in point of unacknowledged fact, by a large section of the advertising media today? Fortunately the propaganda war between the Soviets and the West has momentarily subsided. We hesitate to think of the effective use that an eager commissar of propaganda, anxious to deflate "freedom of the press" and similar Western notions, could make of the frank boast that the advertiser is entitled to veto news and editorial comment "inimical to business and businessmen."

First Haiti Then Franco?

When Senator Henning's subcommittee studies religious freedom and church-state separation next fall, it should take a close look at the commercial treaty Vice President Nixon signed with the government of Haiti last March. Unlike normal commercial treaties, the Haitian agreement does not guarantee freedom of worship and conscience for nationals in each other's country. Haiti has been described as 90 per cent Catholic and 100 per cent Vaudou. But since its constitution gives the Catholic church a "special position," the tribal deities are not expected to benefit from Mr. Nixon's oversight. The *Christian Century* suggests that the Haitian treaty may pave the way for a similar agreement with Spain.

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ATOMS AND POLITICS

An Historic Conference . . . *by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

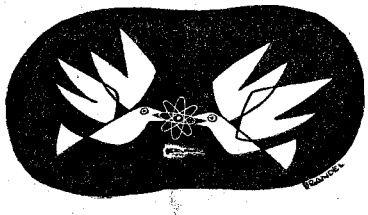
Geneva

HERE one conference follows another. As soon as the Big Four had departed, the journalists turned their attention to the sessions of the Economic and Social Council which had been neglected during the great week. Now the ECOSOC has finished its deliberations and the "Little Geneva" conference—United States and Communist China—is going on. And as I write, the historic International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy is just getting under way. Before describing its impressive scope and prospects, a few words about the Chinese talks.

They could not have had a better beginning, since Ambassador Wang Ping-nan was able to precede his discussions with Ambassador Johnson with the good news of China's decision to free the eleven American airmen. "I hope this measure," he said soberly, "will have a favorable effect on our present talks here." Mr. Johnson cordially expressed his pleasure at the news. Mr. Krishna Menon, Premier Nehru's ambassador-at-large, whose role in bringing about the release of the flyers has been unfortunately—and most unfairly—minimized in Washington, was on hand to share the general gratification. He was, of course, not in the Palais des Nations when the meeting started, but had seen Mr. Wang the previous evening and Mr. Johnson shortly before the talks began.

By its timing of the release of the Americans, Peking achieved two things: first, it avoided giving the impression that the decision resulted from any kind of pressure or bargaining; second, it opened the way for the discussion of broader matters, Formosa above all.

In the opinion of the diplomats, especially after what happened at the Big Four conference, there is no reason why these Chinese-American talks should not also prove successful. Mr. Wang has the reputation of being a diplomat of the school of Premier Chou En-lai, and Chou's prestige, won as the result of his subtle tactics during the Indochina meeting last year in this city, was greatly enhanced by the success achieved at Bandung. Asian observers, though conceding the strength



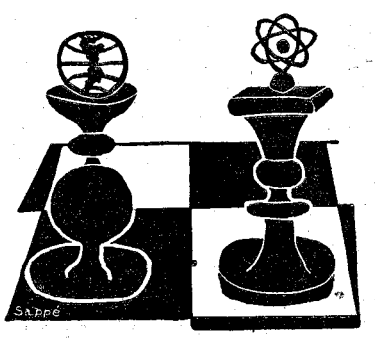
of Washington's desire to save Chiang's face, were none the less hopeful that the United States would realize it would lose still more influence in Asia unless it grasped this opportunity to lay a reasonably good basis for broader negotiations—especially after Premier Chou En-lai's offer of a Pacific pact in his speech of July 30.

U. N. Secretary General Hammarskjold is being widely praised both for his part in the freeing of the American airmen and for having won, in a *tete-a-tete* meeting with President Eisenhower during the summit conference, American agreement that the present talks would be held in the Palais des Nations. The significance of this is that it can no longer be said that only the delegates of Chiang are welcome on the precincts of the United Nations. Some people here see in this gesture an anticipation of things to come.

THE opening of the Atomic Energy Conference has been preceded by a series of explanations intended to brief the laymen—beginning with the journalists—on the most important aspects of the conference; to help free them from the fear that they are walking through a dark tunnel of incomprehensible abstractions. In this regard, the speech by George L. Weil, technical director of the United States delegation, before the monthly dinner of the American Club of Geneva, was very encouraging; it proved that atomic problems could be talked about in understandable language.

The conference will cover a very wide field. It opens with an address and discussion on World Requirements of Energy, 1975-2000, for which many survey papers on estimated power needs and sources over the next fifty years have been prepared. This will be followed by a general presentation of the individual countries' requirements in power and heat, with reports by men of such authority as Dr. Bhabha, who will set forth India's needs during the next thirty years and the possibilities of the economic use of atomic power. The prospects of atomic development in Czechoslovakia and the part to be played by nuclear energy for peaceful purposes will be discussed by Mr. Sevcik; energy needs and resources of the Argentine republic by Mr. Mendivelzua; energy and fuel requirements of Yugoslavia by Mr. Vucanovic. The power problem in Australia, 1955-2004, will be covered in a report prepared by the Commonwealth Department of National Development. Then come broad discussions of such questions as the economics of nuclear power, the biological effects of radiation and protection against them, international cooperation in the peaceful uses of atomic energy, the training of research staffs in the field of such uses, and so on.

Up to this point the program offers no reason to expect difficulties in understanding and reporting. But when the meeting moves to the con-



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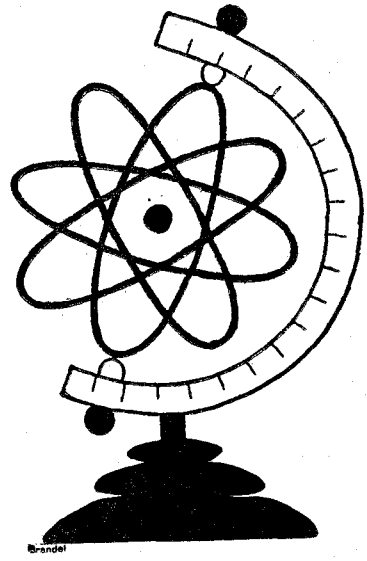
sideration of such technical topics as the inelastic scattering of fast neutrons by nuclei, on which Mr. Pasechynk will report; the theoretical prediction of neutron cross-sections of non-fissionable elements for energies up to 10 Mev. discussed by Mr. Weisskopf, and some fifty equally obstruse items, the general public, the journalists who must cable something to their papers, and especially the interpreters who must simultaneously translate these reports into the various languages—all are likely to feel at certain moments as if the atomic war had already begun. The 400 reports prepared for discussion were selected out of thousands received.

To calm the anxiety of the interpreters a system of red signals has been introduced as an innovation in international conferences. By flashing a signal the interpreter will tell the speaker that he cannot follow his scientific exposition and that the speaker must either go more slowly or use more understandable language. The interpreters have also been attending a brief course on atomic energy conducted under the direction of Prof. Leprince-Ringuet, of the College de France. But even so their task will not be an easy one.

OF course the sixty United Nations member states and the twenty-four non-member states, which are represented on specialized agencies and so have been invited to participate, have sent the best experts and scientists they could produce. The official doctrine is that politics has no place here. The choice of Dr. Homi J. Bhabha of India as presiding head of the meeting is expected to insure a kind of neutralism in the conduct of the sessions. But some doubt has been aroused about the real absence of politics by a poster one sees everywhere in Geneva announcing the United States exhibition of the peaceful applications of atomic energy. It bears the slogan "FOR PEACE!" written large in English, French, Russian, German, Italian, Spanish, and Chinese.

Since the origin of this atomic conference lies in President Eisenhower's famous declaration before the Assembly of the United Nations in 1953, there is nothing very surprising in the desire of the Americans to draw maximum advantage from the occasion. Leading members of the United States delegation have said privately that since Washington has lost to Moscow the initiative in the campaign against atomic war, Washington must compensate by taking the initiative and emerging



from this conference as the pioneer in the exploration of means to develop through international cooperation the peaceful uses of atomic energy. But it may be necessary to go beyond this point to achieve any solid international leadership.

During the Big Four Conference "His Majesty the H-Bomb" played a decisive role, as Prime Minister Eden recognized in his report to the Commons. In the "reign" of the H-bomb, commented the *New Statesman and Nation*, "power politics, at least for the time being, have lost their meaning." Here, two weeks ago, any idea of using nuclear weapons as a response to hostile action or as means to impose a particular "way of life" was made almost impossible. But the campaign against the bomb goes further than that. Encouraged by the new atmosphere created in the first East-West encounter at the summit, the demand is growing for an end to the experimental nuclear explosions. The atomic conference will not be able to duck the controversy over this question that is going on among scientists and members of the various national atomic-energy commissions. Whatever the original hopes or plans, debate on this point will be one of the important features of the meeting.

Wide differences of opinion are freely expressed. One group of the scientists here have been influenced by the United States Atomic Energy Commission, which in its semi-annual report reviews encouragingly recent developments, including some experiments which appear to justify "a certain optimism, not possible a few years ago, on the possibility of protection against and recovery from radiation." Another group agrees with Dr. Roger Pilkington, the eminent British geneticist, who asserts that continued experimentation with the H-bomb, even in isolated desert areas, may lead "to the suicide of the human race."

The American delegation must therefore do its utmost to concentrate attention on scientific developments for peace uses. When a couple of days ago the White House announced that the United States plans to launch small unmanned satellites into space some time in 1957 or 1958, Americans here immediately quoted Mr. Hagerty as saying at his press conference, "I would like to stress that this project is entirely for scientific purposes"—and that its results would be available to all. The Russians have met this move by announcing their readiness to cooperate in the American venture while going ahead with their own plans of the same sort. The introduction of the space satellites issue is taken here, correctly or not, as an omen of better Soviet-American relations in the atomic field too.

BUT politics plays a part in other directions too. There is the struggle between private and public control within national boundaries, as illustrated in the United States by the Dixon-Yates affair. There is the "peaceful" struggle on the international level between industrialists and financiers for domination of the new world markets to be opened by the application of atomic energy to industrial uses—a struggle already evident here in the British exhibition accompanying the conference at which one sees how quietly, but efficiently, the British have been working. And finally one senses the political pressures of industrial groups—the fears and rivalries, for instance, between oil and coal interests and the interests tied to the vast potential of the atom. These long-range and highly controversial aspects of the conference will become more evident as the days pass.

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MIDSUMMER SANITY

Russians in Iowa . . *by Charles F. Ransom*

Des Moines

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV blistered Soviet agriculture in January and demanded eight times as much corn production for livestock feed by 1960. So in the heart of Iowa's corn-hog country, Lauren Soth wrote a playful little editorial for the Des Moines *Register* on February 10 inviting "any delegation Khrushchev wants to select to come to Iowa to get the low-down. . . . We will take the visiting delegation to Iowa's great agricultural experiment station at Ames, to some of the leading farmers of Iowa, to our livestock breeders, soil-conservation experts, and seed companies. . . . Furthermore, we would be glad to go to Russia with a delegation. . . . We ask nothing in return. We figure that more knowledge about the means to a good life in Russia can only benefit the world and us. It might even shake the Soviet leaders in their conviction that the United States wants war. . . ."

The *Christian Science Monitor* reprinted the editorial. Tass, the Soviet news agency, sent it to Moscow as the first bit of friendliness in a long time. The Soviet Ministry of Agriculture's newspaper commented, "Workers in Soviet agriculture regard with approval the proposal of the Des Moines *Register*."

But it took a lot of nagging and pushing and catching Ike off guard by the *Register's* relentless Washington bureau before the State and Justice departments would agree to make the necessary exceptions to the McCarran Act, and they never got enthusiastic about the project. It took a lot of selling by Soth (once a state-college faculty member) to get Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts to take over the job of arranging the tour, which the State Department insisted upon.

Even then, the whole thing almost fell through when the Soviet government got up on its ear about having delegations of honored visitors fingerprinted. This was surmounted by sending the Russian group as an official, government mission which it would have been anyway, though the American farm delegation to Russia is entirely unofficial, with the individuals paying their own way (or wangling expenses, which are high, out of some private organization or other). Seven of the twelve Americans are actual dirt farmers who can afford to take a month or so off in the summer and spend upwards of $2,500.

THE Soviet delegation, on the other hand, is headed by Vladimir Matskevich, the acting Minister of Agriculture, and is studded with other high officials of the Soviet Union and the Russian and Ukrainian member republics. There is also a state-farm director along: Petr Babmindra, head of "Gigant," the biggest state farm in the country, with 115,000 acres in the Rostov district. There is a machine-tractor station director, and the president of the 35,000-acre collective farm "Kuban" in the Krasnodar district.

Both delegations have been getting a big play in the Soviet and American press: half a page in *Pravda* once, picture clusters in Cleveland and Denver, and long stories in Milwaukee and St. Louis, well outside the tour route. The Soviet press, naturally, has a uniform line: the tremendously warm-hearted welcome from the American and Soviet peoples, the mutual learning, mutual friendship of "the toilers."

The American press is much more varied. A cynical old hand might expect other papers to lay off a story so openly "created" by the *Register*. But this has not been happening. To be sure, the *Register* and *Tribune* in Des Moines, and their sister Cowles-owned papers in Minneapolis are devoting more space to the visiting Russians than other papers. But it isn't just the New York *Times*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the national news magazines, and the internationalist dailies which are following the Russian delegation's travels with interest. The Chicago *Tribune* had its own staff man, Richard Orr, with the Russians for eleven days, turning in straight news and features. The copy desk in Chicago got "Red Burocrats" into the head from time to time, but the stories were factual and well done, and the interpretation fair.

Even more "nationalist" ordinarily than the Chicago *Tribune* is the Omaha *World-Herald*. But the *World-Herald* is trying to build up its own circulation in Iowa, so it covered (for Iowa editions anyway) the Iowa leg of the trip much more fully than you might expect from a paper which denounced the whole business editorially, pointing out that the Russian visitors were officials, not farmers, and that tourists with cameras (from Nazi Germany, for example) were not always harbingers of peace.

Before the Russians came, the Sioux City *Journal* called them Communist Party leaders rather than farmers (which of course they are), and said "we have been took." But the Sioux City Chamber of Commerce, when it heard that the Russians were canceling their visit to the stockyards for lack of time, asked Governor Leo Hoegh of Iowa to intercede for them. Governor Hoegh told Matskevich he would be "personally gratified" if the Russians could stop in Sioux City. So Matskevich split the delegation three ways: he and two others made a side trip in Cadillacs to Sioux City, two Russians whose special interest is farm machinery flew to Peoria, Illinois, and the rest returned to Des Moines in their air-conditioned chartered bus.

A determined effort was made by individual Midwesterners to expose the Russians to religion. Graces and prayers were said over them, and sometimes translated into Russian—

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once by a Russian emigre who had been condemned to death as a "white guard." Six of the Russians allowed themselves to be dragged to church in friendly Jefferson, Iowa, where they spent a weekend in family homes. In Waterloo, three women cornered Alexander Tulupnikov and questioned him at length about his religion and religion in Russia. They were not very well satisfied when he told them, "My religion is to be honest and to do my duty to the motherland, to be useful to myself and others, and to raise the standard of living of our people."

Tulupnikov is the most flamboyant character in the Soviet delegation, with a great mop of wild black hair and a hearty laugh. He is a member of the collegium of the Soviet Ministry of Agriculture, the director of a research institute in agricultural economics, and the one member of the group who knows more than a few words of English.

One correspondent speculated that Tulupnikov might be the MVD man of the party, because he seemed so much more at ease and uninhibited. However, Leon Volkov of *Newsweek,* himself a Russian officer who defected to the West ten years ago, said it was obvious that the security man was Sergei Vasiliev, second secretary of the Soviet Embassy, who accompanied the party and handled many of the chores.

All I know personally is that on at least one occasion, Vasiliev did not have the last word. At a caviar-and-vodka party the Russians threw in Des Moines, they planned to show a color movie about the All-Union Agricultural Exposition at Moscow. Then a hitch developed: it was inflammable nitrate film, and there was no enclosed, fireproof projection room in the hotel ballroom. Matskevich, Vasiliev, a battery of interpreters, John Strohm (the party's able American shepherd), and the hotel management conferred frantically at great length. At 8:45 I asked Matskevich when the film would be shown. At 9, he said. At 9 I asked Vasiliev, who had now left the huddle. Vasiliev said the showing had been cancelled because of fire regulations. But a few minutes later the show went on by special permission of the Des Moines city manager, who was present, after urgent orders to extinguish all cigarettes and cigars.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

And, lo, in her mouth was an Iowa cornstalk.

Everyone agreed that the Russians were doing a superb propaganda job. "Traveling circus," said the *Witness,* Roman Catholic diocesan paper in Dubuque. "Frankly we are scared," said the Mitchell County *Press.* Even when conditions were most trying, the Russians smiled: through the heat (105 degrees one day), the long hours, the hordes of newsmen and photographers hounding them, and the hundreds of neighbors who showed up for their scheduled farm stops.

They knew how to duck controversy without rudeness. Matskevich in particular was forever making little jokes. He said he would answer the hard questions "in the bus"—the air-conditioned bus for the delegation only. "We will now divide the work," he quipped when a farmer's wife invited the Russians only in for a light lunch. "The Russian delegation will go in the house and have something to eat, and the correspondents can sit out here and take it easy." After showing the nitrate film, he announced: "Although there are six parts, you have seen two. But that is to your advantage, because you can go home and go to bed earlier."

The Russians rarely told whoppers, although once Matskevich denied there were forced labor camps in Russia, and Deputy Premier Nikolai Gureyev of the Ukraine said, "Russian farmers love the collective farms. . . . If somebody would offer them land of their own, they would reject it."

The big argument, among Midwest press and public, was about the other side of the propaganda contest. Many "nationalists" seemed to think their nation was bound to lose out, and that fellow Americans are suckers who are falling for the new Soviet "peace" line as they once did for Hitler's. The Administration didn't help much by dragging its heels, and then sending at first only two interpreters, neither with any special knowledge of agriculture, and one agricultural specialist who didn't know Russian. This was remedied eventually, and meanwhile there were other bilingual men around who could help the party over the language barrier: two Tass men, a *Pravda* man, Vasiliev of the Soviet Embassy, an International Harvester engineer at East Moline, a Polish D. P. on an Iowa farm, several native Russians, several bilingual American newsmen.

THE Associated Press sent Tom Whitney, with Moscow experience and fluent Russian, to follow the tour, and the New York *Times* sent Harrison Salisbury for a few days. Volkov of *Newsweek* is a native Russian. These three agreed that the facts of American agriculture and American life, seen at first-hand, are making a big impression on the Russians, conceal it though they try. Whitney (like Orr of the Chicago *Tribune* and Carl Larson of the Chicago *Sun-Times)* felt the Russians were deliberately missing the biggest fact of all: the individual incentives of family-operated farms. But if so, this was not for want of people pointing it out to them. Of course rainfall (twice Russia's black-soil belt's), available capital per farm (several times Russia's), acres of good land per farm family (many times Russia's), and education (more advanced than Russia's) all have a great deal to do with the Midwest American farmer's higher living standards, too, as Matskevich indicated occasionally when goaded into it.

Matskevich himself, part way through the trip, said the chief Midwest practices he wanted to apply at home were: (1) large-scale use of hybrid corn, (2) wider use of feed concentrates for poultry and livestock, and (3) increase in the variety and number of farm machines, including time-saving machines for small jobs.

Questions by the Russians indicated that they were surprised at the smallness of the labor force needed

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on American mechanized farms, at the decentralization of decisions on what to plant, where to sell, what to study in college, what to do research on. They were surprised at the coffee breaks in a Cedar Rapids packing house, at the growing of "useless" dwarf corn "for fun" by hybrid-seed-corn research men, and most of all at the extreme cordiality of most Americans they met.

So kindly were Midwest press accounts of the visit that much of the material could go straight into the *Daily Worker*—and did. So, too, *Pravda's* comment about the "deep friendly feeling which plain Americans have for the Soviet people" would need only a word or two changed to get into almost any American paper, including the most nationalist. Yet there was a difference. This time Americans are not swallowing a bait, they are practicing competitive coexistence. The United Presbyterian pastor who tore the sign "There is no freedom in Russia" off its standard when an anti-Communist tried to picket a farm where the Russians were being entertained told the United Press afterward: "I agreed with the statement on that sign, but thought it was in bad taste to use Stover's farm as a sounding board." The picket left the place amiably when Stover's brother ordered him off. "That's okay," he said. "That's your right. I believe in private property."

A farmer named Ladimal Fiala, of Stratford, Iowa, called on the Russians at their hotel in Ames, to return some Communist propaganda leaflets a farmer in Regina, Saskatchewan, sent him. Fiala was "not impressed." One of the hovering newsmen tried to get him to make a scene about it, slamming the stuff on the floor at their feet. Fiala preferred politeness. So do most Midwesterners, now.

T.V.'S NEW "REALISM"

Truth Sans Consequences . . *by Ring Lardner, Jr.*

IT WAS inevitable that television drama would get around to tackling important social themes. The same thing happened in motion pictures despite all the obstacles carefully set up to prevent it.

During the past couple of months I have seen programs dealing with such significant subjects as the ruthlessness of big business men, anti-minority discrimination, and the role of the domestic servant. Two of them have been among the most skilful programs in my brief experience as a viewer, and all of them have come to profoundly reactionary conclusions.

Producers and story editors rarely ask for this sort of explosive material. Nine times out of ten it is the writer himself who feels the urge to break out of the playpen in which the mechanized entertainment industry tries to confine him. What he finds, when he explores the broader vistas of the adult world, is often dangerous stuff, but the seasoned manipulator knows how to handle it so the explosion will not strike any forbidden targets. He avoids the mistakes, on the one hand, of the romantic partisan who writes a script no sponsor will accept, and on the other, of the earnest fence-sitter who makes no point because none exists to which he can give his unqualified endorsement.

What is it that lures the most dedicated commercial writer into an occasional brush with the actual world around him? A major factor, I believe, is the simple truth that it is easier to write about something than about nothing. The more a man has to say—the more real and pressing the subject material with which he is dealing—the less important become the literary touches, the refinements of style, and the ingenuities of presentation.

In a mass medium where writers' work is consumed at a ravenous rate, the lure of the socially significant becomes more than the veriest hack can resist. The cute premises about amnesia and double identities grow strained after a while; there are limits to the variations on what an heir can do with a million dollars; brutality itself loses its shock value with repetition. The writer finds that his capacity for inventive plagiarism is insufficient to sustain the pace and mood he needs to make tired material acceptable once more. He begins to suffer from third-act trouble, and he is ready to try anything. He turns to reality.

Now all he has to devise is the particular distortion which will enable him to present a segment of life without facing up to its consequences. Two recent examples of what this process can lead to dealt with the ticklish subject of racial and national prejudice. Both were on big network dramatic shows during the month of March; both approached the discrimination issue gingerly, choosing a minority group so special and local that no appreciable number of set owners could be alienated; and both managed to arrive at grotesquely dishonest answers to one of mankind's besetting problems.

ONE, which took the better part of an hour to unfold, was about a young man who married a girl with a Sioux Indian grandparent. Prejudice in this instance was centered in the character of the young man's father, who not only refused to shelter the miscegenators under his roof but permitted his grandchild to be born without benefit of physician rather than rush to his daughter-in-law's aid in the only vehicle capable of penetrating a heavy snowfall.

The baby died and the old man broke down in a fit of remorse. What was startling was the revela-

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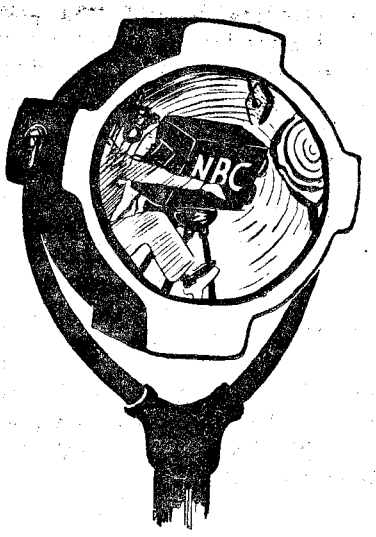


tion of where his prejudice originated: he is part Indian himself! No one else in the play, except, for a fleeting moment, the wife of the justice of the peace who married the couple, has been guilty of anti-Siouxism. The implication is clear that it is the presence of the minority taint that breeds prejudice. Had the two races remained in the pristine purity of their separateness, nothing would have marred their peaceful coexistence.

The other show, happily limited to thirty minutes including commercials, laid bare the festering sore of Portuguese-Back Bay relations on Cape Cod. A daughter of immigrants was so ashamed of their poor English and odd Iberian customs that she called herself Mary instead of Maria, and tried to prevent her young man and his patrician parents from meeting them.

But when they were brought together none the less, it turned out that it had never occurred to the Boston types to probe the national origin of a prospective daughter-in-law. Actually they were passionately interested in Portuguese-American culture, including the quaint paraphernelia of his trade which the misguided fisherman had stashed away out of their sight. What all this proves, of course, is that the fantasy of discrimination exists only in the primitive imagination of the minority mind.

Reluctance to meet an issue head-on and the obligation to provide a quick, dramatic, and "constructive" finish—these are the gateposts of the primrose path that leads a writer to oversimplification, distortion, and downright fraud. If you are unwilling to expose the real cause of a situation you are headed inevitably toward either a weak or a deceptive conclusion. Sometimes a sufficiently confused or inept writer manages to blend the two defects. The expert, however, is always ready to err in the direction of deceit rather than of a dramatic letdown. As Robert Hatch said in his review of "The Blackboard Jungle," he "calls the citizen's attention to a pressing evil only to assure him immediately that a very pretty remedy is at hand."

One of the most discussed shows in the history of television was Rod Sterling's "Patterns," which was performed in January and repeated in February on the Kraft Television Theater. Here, at the end of a play which was written, directed, and performed on the highest level of excellence I have seen in a work originally conceived for the medium, we were confronted with a twist which derived its shock value from its utter unexpectedness and direct contradiction of what had gone before.

The technique involved deserves, I believe, the name of the "Caine Mutiny" Method, and it is more brutally characteristic of our time than the others we have considered. Whether deliberately conceived that way or not, it emerges as a cynical and conscientious exploitation of democratic content for authoritarian purposes.

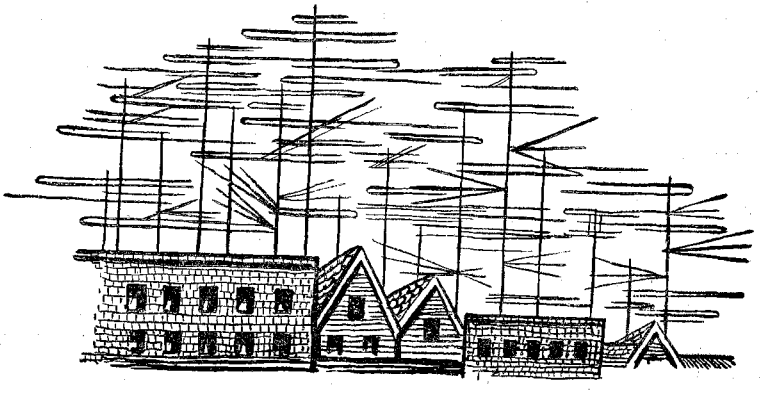
It consists of taking a target—the Annapolis system or the ethics of big business—against which you can enlist the instinctively progressive sympathies of a mass audience, attacking it for seven-eighths of your total length, and then reversing the point of view entirely in a last-minute switch which gains dramatic effect by its suddenness and presents an argument which would never hold up in a full-length work.

"Patterns" is probably too well remembered to require more than the briefest summation of the situation as it exists when Mr. Sterling pulls the switch. Ramsey, the head of the company, skilfully played by Everett Sloane, has succeeded beyond his expectations in his unprincipled and frankly immoral campaign to rid himself of an executive too highly placed to be fired. The man's resistance to the efforts to make him resign have brought on a fatal heart attack.

At this point the viewer, carefully conditioned to identify himself with the young executive who has been groomed to succeed the veteran, sees him accept, almost as if it were unchallengeable, the doctrine that the god of profit stands above all the moralities of the older religions. Our hero learns that the end justifies the means, a doctrine that has been ascribed to Jesuits and Communists and sharply repudiated by both groups. In "Patterns" it is the declared position of the capitalist spokesman, and apparently of the author as well.

ANOTHER variation of the same technique of applying the reactionary twist to progressive content was demonstrated in mid-March by Tad Mosel in a Television Playhouse presentation called "My Lost Saints." This, too, was a program decidedly superior to the general run of television drama. It had a provocative idea and good characterization. It was well directed and well acted, particularly by Eileen Heckart in the leading role of a housekeeper who had worked eighteen years for the same family.

Rarely has one person done so much for so many with so little appreciation as this heroine did for her employers and for her mother when the latter arrived for an over-



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night visit which she extended into weeks by pretending to be injured. Dashing back and forth with superhuman energy and patience between the demands of her "family" and of her mother, the housekeeper was sure they were saints, all of them. The irony, of course, was that she herself was the only person in the household in whose behalf a claim for canonization, or beatification at the very least, could be made.

The possessive, egocentric mother and the incompetent, worthless lady of the house were about equally objectionable, and when the housekeeper was finally driven to denounce them both, one felt that here was a woman ready at least to assert her identity and free herself from the most degrading and thankless work our society has to offer.

IT WAS a momentous decision after all those years and this viewer at least was quite curious to see how the character and her creator would meet the challenging necessity of providing her a new, independent orientation. They didn't. Abruptly, and despite all the evidence that her employers had little regard for her as a person, she decided that the familiar life was best for her after all. She would stay with the family that made believe she was one of them even though she now knew that it wasn't true.

As with "Patterns," such an ending would be quite satisfactory if it were treated as a piece of irony or as a tragedy. But it was obvious in both cases that the endings were meant to be taken as proper resolutions of the conflicts presented.

The rewards for this sort of work are becoming more respectable and I myself am working on an epic Western in which a high-hatted mortgage-holder with mustachios and a riding crop will offer the young maiden a postponement of foreclosure in exchange for the use of her fair white body. My surprise ending will show her yielding herself voluntarily because she has learned the patriotic lesson that our society will fall apart at the seams unless the sexual needs of the investing classes are satisfied.

MOROCCO IN FERMENT

Violence as Policy . . . *by Marvine Howe*

Rabat, Morocco

THE GREAT danger in Morocco today is that the followers of violence may succeed in eliminating or terrorizing French and Moroccans who are striving to find a peaceful solution to the country's crisis. This reign of force has already begun. It began even before August 1953, the time of the forced deposition of Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef, who had always tried to come to a peaceful settlement with France. Already Moroccan officials, *pashas* and *caids*, who were loyal to the Sultan and who tried to reason with their French superiors had been exiled and replaced by Moroccans prepared to rule with an iron hand.

As long as violence was law in Morocco, certain ambitious leaders, French and Moroccans, could be sure that the country would not be given the right to govern itself. And so violence became an integral part of the policy of a few influential men in Morocco. But while Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef was on the throne, there had been a check to that policy because the Sultan could and did protest against injustices enacted against his people.

In the absence of Morocco's rightful ruler, there has been no one to speak for the Moroccan people. They cannot speak for themselves because they have no press and are not allowed to hold public meetings. Any peaceful attempt to show opposition to the present regime, such as the closing of shops, workers' strikes, parades, has always been suppressed by force.

It was inevitable that some Moroccans should take the only way out, fighting repression with violence. These Moroccans have been labeled "terrorists" by Europeans. But in the eyes of the Moroccan population, the "terrorists" are leaders of the resistance—the *Fidai*, or redeemers, and are heroes as the Gaullistes were before them.

The Moroccan resistors began their campaign after the Sultan's exile. First they attacked those known to be French agents. Later, when the resistance movement was better organized, a campaign was directed against individuals known to be responsible for the deposition of the Sultan, including prominent French and Moroccan officials. Attacks against these influential persons naturally excited the European population much more than attacks against Moroccan water-carriers and tobacconists.

Severe sanctions were taken against Moroccans accused of terrorism. Hatred and violence spread, and attacks were often committed at random by Moroccans who had joined the protest movement for their own individual interests.

When what is commonly called the "counter-terrorism" broke out in June, 1954, Europeans in Morocco tended not only to excuse but often sympathized with this European violence as a kind of just retaliation to the Moroccan attacks. The Europeans, deciding to take the law into their own hands, grouped themselves into different organizations: *Avant-garde des Ideologies Republicains* (A. G. I. R.), and the *Organisation de Defense Antiterroriste* (O. D. A. T.). These organizations began a fiery campaign, particularly in Casablanca, where tracts were widely distributed criticizing the au-

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thorities' methods of combatting terrorism and announcing that they themselves would assume the task of repressing terrorism.

Certain local weeklies publicly supported the counter-terrorist movement. In one edition of *Paris-Maroc,* early 1955, the French director wrote that the only efficient way to fight terrorism was "to follow it onto its own ground; to paralyze it by its own means." The Protectorate organ *Echo* wrote at the same time that terrorism had provoked some people to consider the forces of law and order insufficient and to want to defend themselves.

Counter-terrorism (called "European terrorism" by Moroccans) has turned out to be a movement, not against terrorists, but rather against those French and Moroccans who themselves are opposed to violence of any form. The victims are often innocent Moroccan peasants or persons who had volunteered to act as mediators between France and the Protectorate. Unscrupulous men used the legitimate patriotic sentiments of the local European population for their own personal interests—to maintain a troubled atmosphere and do away with those who sought a just solution to the Moroccan problem.

Officially, counter-terrorism was denounced in the same terms as terrorism. When Resident General Francis Lacaste arrived to assume his new post in Morocco in June 1954, he declared himself determined to fight against both. But although hundreds of Moroccans suspected of terrorist activities were arrested and condemned, no action whatsoever was taken against counter-terrorists until the recent change of regime here. More than a dozen well-known Moroccan moderate nationalists and Frenchmen who defended the Moroccan point of view were victims of counter-terrorist attacks in the past year; more than a hundred machine gun, bomb, pistol, and arson attacks were the work of counter-terrorists, according to those who have closely studied the situation. The authors of these crimes were never apprehended, although there was no lack of witnesses and evidence. It has recently been proved that the counter-terrorist movement enjoyed police protection, and high police officials have been deported to France.

Sultan ben Youssef

Protectorate officials more or less ignored counter-terrorism until the recent death of Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil, a French industrialist said to have been assassinated by Europeans. This was the shock needed for France to revise her Protectorate policy. Gilbert Grandval, who had gained an excellent reputation as Ambassador to the Saar, was brought in as the new Resident General with instructions to clean out at once high administrative and police posts.

On June 11, at 11:30 p. m., Lemaigre-Dubreuil was killed by machine-gun fire in front of the Liberty Building in the heart of Casablanca. A hero of the French resistance in North Africa in World War II, he had, months before his death, purchased the controlling shares of *Maroc Presse,* and enlisted in another North African campaign: the Moroccans' struggle for national sovereignty.

Maroc Presse was the only relatively liberal newspaper in Morocco, and had been under severe pressure from the authorities and important financial groups. With Lemaigre-Dubreuil's influence and financial support, the newspaper took a new lease on life, and in a few weeks, the Casablanca daily had become an important political power. For the first time since 1952, when their own newspapers were outlawed, Moroccans had a publication in which to express their opinions. At the same time, the new owner traveled frequently from the Protectorate to

Hope for Morocco

By Pierre Mendes-France

Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil's tragic end has revealed to public opinion the existence in North Africa of liberal and courageous Frenchmen who do not share the views of those who always claim to speak in their name. There are those who think that only the use of force, of open warfare against nationalism in all its forms, and even of provocation, can still assure the continued existence of France's privileges [in Morocco]. And there are others who are convinced that it is hopeless to fight the will to the rights of man, and patriotism. They are certain that only a frank and faithful understanding with the Moroccans will guarantee the maintenance there of French presence.

Thus the line of demarcation is not really between two peoples, but rather between those on both sides who believe only in violence and those, also on both sides, who advocate negotiation. And the fact that such a situation exists is a cogent reason for hope.

Let us look to the future. What counts above all is that the continental French realize that certain "usual" spokesmen do not represent all the French of Morocco. Far from it. This ought to facilitate the task of the government. . . . Those who worked with Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil, and who want to continue in that direction, should now be heard oftener and more clearly.

That depends first of all on the civil service—where men of good will are quickly overwhelmed, discouraged, or paralyzed. It depends still more on the government. Finally, it depends on the French in Morocco themselves, who must continue the efforts they have just begun.

They must make their views known on every occasion, courageously disown the excesses of counter-terrorism, and make constructive suggestions to their compatriots on the continent. In Africa as in France, political activity has too often remained the monopoly of unrepresentative men and groups whose power lies in the apathy of the majority.

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Paris to keep the French government informed about the actual situation in Morocco and to urge a radical change in policy. On the very day of his death, Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil had flown back from Paris where he had warned the French government about the increasingly bad political situation in Morocco and the growing threat of counter-terrorism. He urged immediate action and threatened to publish a very serious dossier on the situation if the government did not enact urgent measures of reform.

Former Premier Pierre Mendes France paid a stirring tribute to the dead publisher. [See Mr. Mendes-France's statement elsewhere in this article.—The Editors.] But there has been no general denunciation of counter-terrorism among French colonialists since Lemaigre-Dubreuil's death. The local European population as a whole continues to deny its very existence, or to defend it, or blame it on foreign *provocateurs,* despite the detailed proofs of a counter-terrorist organization published in the French press, the public condemnation of counter-terrorism by high officials in France, and the arrest or expulsion of several dozen Europeans implicated in counter-terrorist activities.

THE murderer of Jacques Lemagre-Dubreuil has not been found. And he won't be found, say the dead man's friends, who believe that the murderer is too big to be attacked. And counter-terrorism continues in spite of Resident General Grandval's energetic reforms. Tracts are still widely distributed urging the European population to rise up against the new Resident General and his policy of "appeasement." When the leaders of the right-wing settlers' organization, *Presence Francaise,* were implicated in the recent Casablanca riots and deported, that powerful organization announced that it would fight the Resident General and his policy with force.

It is now widely believed that the bomb which exploded in downtown Casablanca on July 14—Bastille Day—killing six Europeans and injuring thirty-five, was instigated by counter-terrorist organizations. Likewise the European massacre of Moroccans which followed. A correspondent for the leading French daily *Le Monde* wrote: "The Casablanca uprising was not spontaneous." He reported that already at the arrival of Mr. Grandval in Morocco, Casablanca was in the hands of "revolutionary committees."

The big job before the Resident General is bringing not only the terrorists but counter-terrorists to justice. To eliminate Moroccan "resistance," an end must be brought to the wartime occupation regime here under which Moroccans are denied basic human liberties in their own country. To eliminate European provocation, counter terrorism must be unmasked for what it really is—the implement of large and small privileged groups who for their own personal interests wish to see the status quo in Morocco unchanged. This includes both the powerful colonial interests as well as minor officials such as policemen and customs officers, those Europeans who know they will be the first to be replaced by Moroccans the day the citizens of this country are permitted to share in its management.

VOICE FOR LABOR

Editor Scoop White . . . *by William C. Blizzard*

Winfield, W. Va.

THERE may be another daily newspaper managing editor in the United States like Ralph Scoop White, but those who work for him are not prepared to agree without an argument.

Scoop, they say, is *sui generis,* just as *Labor's Daily,* the newspaper he edits, is the only daily labor publication in this country. Where else could you find a boss invariably modest, soft spoken, courteous, always willing to listen to suggestions, generous with praise and temperate in criticism, a welcome and friendly associate in his few leisure hours?

Scoop—a boyhood nickname later legally adopted—has gained the affection and respect of employees of *Labor's Daily* for one major reason: He does not consider himself a "boss" and he doesn't act like one. He grew up in a print shop, working at a hand-fed job press when he had to stand on a box to reach his work, setting type by hand when he was ten years old. Scoop's background does not, of course, entirely explain his amiable disposition and personal outlook. But whatever the hereditary and social complex responsible, Scoop was a good choice to guide the fortunes of labor's first daily newspaper.

Some readers of *The Nation* may be surprised to learn there *is* a nationally circulated daily labor newspaper published by and for the American labor movement. For many years the project was talked about in high labor circles but received the same treatment as Mark Twain's weather until Woodruff Randolph's 103-year-old International Typographical Union printed the first issue of *Labor's Daily* at Charleston, West Virginia, on September 16, 1952. With initial help from John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers, the newspaper has appeared five days a week ever since, not missing a single issue.

This historically important event came about largely because of the fight for life of the I. T. U. in the sea of reaction which swept the country after World War II. (The Taft-Hartley Act alone is estimated to have cost the I. T. U. more than $20,000,000.) Union printers were often faced with a strike situation in towns where the non-union pub-

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lisher had no competitor. The I. T. U. hit upon the bold idea of setting up a rival newspaper plant and leasing it to a competing publisher.

The idea was later expanded into a chain of union-sponsored newspapers. One such newspaper plant was erected at Charleston, and eventually became the home of *Labor's Daily*, turning into reality a long-cherished dream of the more progressive segments of labor.

Scoop White, a stocky, dark-haired man with a penchant for a pipe and conservative (union-made), double-breasted suits, has been an I. T. U. member for almost thirty years. He is a charter member of the Monroe, Louisiana, typographical union and served several terms as its president. After holding a number of relatively minor union posts, he served from 1948 to 1952 as vice-president of the Louisiana State Federation of Labor.

His early introduction to the printing trade came in his father's shop. While Scoop calls Monroe his home town, his father liked to travel, working in print shops and putting out weekly newspapers in many Southern states. The elder White, now deceased, did much "stringer" work for Southern newspapers in addition to his own publishing. Scoop's writing bent also stood him in good stead. When the depression struck he lost his job as a printer and went to work as a newspaperman, doing stints as police reporter, feature writer, assistant telegraph editor, and Associated Press correspondent.

WHEN the printers were locked out of the Monroe *News-Star* and *Morning World* in 1932, Scoop was made managing editor of an I. T. U.-sponsored daily called the Monroe *Free Press*. Its publication brought quick results: the lockout was broken in about two months. Scoop was later editor of a weekly newspaper of the same name which continues to exist and is not a strike paper, but a general circulation sheet.

When the I. T. U. set up one of its chain of dailies at Monroe it was only natural that Scoop was selected as managing editor, serving in that capacity until the I. T. U. leadership chose him to be the editor of *Labor's Daily*.

While vice-president of the Louisiana State Federation of Labor, Scoop established a monthly newspaper for that body, conducted a weekly fifteen-minute labor-forum program over Monroe's station KNOE, and was the prime mover in the formation of the Louisiana Typographical Conference. He was also successful in getting a state Fair Employment Practices Act, requiring governmental agencies to hire union labor, through the Louisiana legislature, only to have it vetoed by Governor Sam Jones.

Scoop White

But Scoop is fondest of telling of his help in the organizing into the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (A. F. of L.) of the unskilled and semi-skilled Negroes who clean the streets and haul away the garbage of Monroe. "They worked," says Scoop, "for a base pay of $24.50 for a 44-hour week. Right away we upped that to $32.50 a week and chopped the hours to forty." Later, when Scoop ran for the state legislature (he wasn't elected) these same municipal employees came to him with $100 to help along with expenses. "It was about half their treasury," says Scoop, and it is plain he has never forgotten the gesture.

As the guiding hand of *Labor's Daily* Scoop White has not had an easy task. Immediately after its birth the newspaper threw itself into the national elections of 1952, a vociferous partisan of Democratic candidates. There was, of course, a Republican landslide. A little later came the McCarthyite bogeyman, which magnified every dissident squeak into the thunder of revolution and distorted every protest against the smooth-running "crusade" into advocacy of guillotine-bound tumbrels.

It may be said to the credit of *Labor's Daily* and Scoop White that there was no retreat. The newspaper fought the Eisenhower Administration from the beginning and was an uncompromising and outspoken foe of McCarthy and all he stood for while the Senator was still alive politically.

Despite the fact that, to date, *Labor's Daily* has championed Democratic political candidates, Scoop emphasizes that his newspaper is not tied to the Democratic Party, but is an independent, liberal publication. And it is interesting to note that a newspaper sponsored and managed by the I. T. U., a craft union and an A. F. of L. affiliate, has nevertheless given unbiased coverage to C. I. O. and independent unions. The paper has tried to heal differences and minimize jealousies among unions, a reflection of Scoop's conviction that labor unity is both necessary and inevitable. As an early and persistent advocate of unity, *Labor's Daily* has been encouraged by recent merger moves of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. It is a fact that in January of this year Scoop stated editorially that 1955 would see such a merger of the two great labor bodies, a prophecy which is apparently being realized. In its third year of publication *Labor's Daily* is heartened by the growing support of both the independent unions and the two great federations.

SCOOP White is no radical. He is no "intellectual." He is a dedicated trade-unionist. In the past three years it has been no rare thing for him to spend twelve to fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, in the office of *Labor's Daily*, the day beginning as early as 5:30 a. m. He is sincere, almost devout, in his determination to do what he can for the American labor movement. And he is generally a shrewd judge of who and what is good for labor.

Quiet, almost shy, Scoop is nevertheless a man of deep convictions whose prose can thunder on provocation. Pragmatic, somewhat cautious, a good liberal from that South where not so very many are supposed to grow, he is representative of the best of the rank and file of American labor.

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BOOKS

"The Canker in the Righteous"

THE BENT WORLD. A Christian Examination of East-West Tensions. By J. V. Langmead Casserley. Oxford University Press. $4.

By Kathleen Lonsdale

J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY, now professor of dogmatic theology at the General Theological Seminary, New York City, was born and educated in London, and was, he tells us, surrounded in his home "by influences which, if not quite atheistic in the formal sense, were so bleakly and negatively agnostic as to amount to very much the same thing." A violent swing away from agnosticism brought him to the acceptance of a dogmatic, credal form of Christianity, and he was ordained a priest in the Church of England.

His background, which included a period of study at the London School of Economics, must have fitted him peculiarly to understand and appreciate both the truth and the errors of Marxism. In the first three chapters of "The Bent World" he has reproduced, in skilfully edited form, a series of addresses on Marxism in Theory and Practice, given to a large Rotary audience in Devonshire. If sometimes the sources on which he has drawn for his material show through rather clearly, that is perhaps no matter, for he has certainly a capacity for expressing in language that is easy to read what many others have said before in a more confused and less convincing way.

He is, of course, concerned with the conflict between Russo-Marxism and Western civilization at the philosophical and religious level, and he is, therefore, most properly anxious that Marxism shall be refuted in a reasonable way and not merely abused and rejected without understanding. But to refute it means that a positive alternative must be presented. A pagan and secularized individualistic democracy is an alternative that lacks power, he says, because it is half-Marxist already. The major part of this book is, therefore, a careful analysis of the weaknesses of Western civilization, of what Sir Walter Moberly called "the canker in the righteous," of those failings that sap the West of its ability to wage the war of ideas with any real certainty of success.

Democracy has, at times, been defined and presented as an alternative to Christianity and Dr. Casserley will have none of this. Democracy, he insists, is simply a technique for arriving at decisions which bind the group that makes them. His definition, however, is one that would justify the Communist insistence that their system is also a democratic one, for, at various levels for different types of group action, Soviet citizens do indeed arrive "at group decisions by way of open discussion." What they lack is the accepted and organized opposition, the permanent integration of minority political opinion, that characterizes normal Western democratic government. On questions of policy, such as the making of hydrogen bombs, it is doubtful, to say the least, whether the Western governments are any more democratic than the Soviet; in each case these are high-level decisions in which the mass of the people acquiesce with dismay in their hearts and with no previous open discussion at all.

Dr. Casserley does not, however, criticize democracy for this, but for its obsession with technical achievement rather than with ultimate values, with work rather than with a full life, with national independence rather than with international interdependence, and in particular, with selfish sexuality rather than with stable and harmonious family relationships. A society in which the custom of divorce has become chronic is, he contends, an unhappy, frustrated, neurotic society, ill fitted to defend the great traditions of Western civilization.

His prescription for the straightening of the bent world is a recovery of the power to believe in a dogmatic, Biblical, credal, institutional Christianity. But, curiously enough, it is just at this point that he becomes vague. He has a good deal to say about original sin, in opposing the notion of the self-perfectibility of man. He does just mention "the victory of the sinless Christ." But one looks in vain for any clear statement of the meaning of the crucifixion in terms that the secularists to whom he addresses himself would understand. He has little to say about the solution of international problems in terms of personal or community Christian behavior.

HE ASSUMES that the Western cause is righteous, although he is careful to say that we Westerners are sinful men. And he finds excuses for the neutralism of Indian anti-communism. This neutralism, he says, must be met with "great patience and forbearance" in order that India may finally be wooed to the side of the West. It never even seems to occur to him that Indian neutralism may be a salutary check on the aggressive defense mechanisms of both sides. He pays lip-service to the horrors of nuclear warfare, and strongly condemns the irresponsibility and wickedness of those who would advocate a so-called "preventive war," but apparently believes that "to proclaim the possibility as well as the necessity of waging war without hate is the primary prophetic task of the church in a war-torn world."

Since this book was printed, it has been admitted that a war fought with hydrogen-uranium bombs could blanket hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory in a lethal radioactive fog, the effects of which would persist for weeks or even months, and which would also certainly cause the birth of sub-human creatures who would pay the penalty of our sinful folly. One wonders whether Dr. Casserley is still "convinced that there are worse things than war, black and horrible though war itself must always be," and what kind of Christian faith it is that leaves a man no choice except between the torturing of his fellow men in a war of so-called self-defense and submission to the evils of an alien philosophy.

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"The theory of the ideology shows us one of the ways in which even the rational thinking of fallen man can be corrupted, robbed of its honesty and integrity, even without the thinker himself being conscious of the fact." Is this not illustrated most aptly by Dr. Casserley's own concept of the Word of God to a nation at war as being merely "Wage your war without hate"? Personally I prefer the remark of G. B. Shaw: "If you strike a child, take care that you strike it in anger. . . . A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven."

Lambs into Lions

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF A PUBLIC SERVANT. By Martin Merson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

By Alan Barth

MR. MERSON'S title is a misnomer. His book is not a diary; it is a collection of notes from the past embellished by a number of second thoughts and subsequent recollections. And Mr. Merson himself is in no meaningful sense of the term a public servant; he is a successful lawyer-businessman who consented to give one month of his time to a government undertaking. As things turned out, he and Dr. Robert Johnson, president of Temple University, devoted five months to administering the International Information Administration. Mr. Merson's book is an account of their unhappy and generally unsuccessful experience in that embattled agency.

A great deal of the difficulty encountered by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Merson stemmed directly from the fact that they were *not* public servants. An important part of their task involved dealing with Congress; neither of them had ever done anything of the sort before. They were plunged into a bitter political row within the Administration; but they had no comprehension of politics. Moreover, neither of them had much equipment for the task they undertook. Johnson had become a millionaire before he was forty because he had been a cofounder of Time, Inc., and then had gone on to Temple University, while Merson had been associated with the Dixie Cup Company; but neither knew much about running an information program or about international affairs. The notion that a man is qualified to come to Washington and manage a complex governmental agency simply because he made money as a businessman is one of the characteristic, and pathetic, delusions of the incumbent Administration.

Johnson and Merson began their careers as public servants with almost every misstep it was possible to make. They were mousetrapped into assuming responsibility for administering the IIA before they had a chance to find out about the agency. They knew all the wrong people. They looked to such newsmen as David Lawrence and George Sokolsky for counsel. Of Senator McCarthy, who was determined to cut their bureaucratic throats, Johnson said at the outset, "I think he is a good American who wants to see that the Voice (of America) works properly. So do I." His first official act was to ask Scott McLeod for a check on the security files and an evaluation of the IIA's twenty top employees. "I'll back you to the limit," he told McLeod. "Send me information on anybody you think is a risk and I'll fire him."

BUT if they approached their task with almost incredible innocence and ineptitude, they approached it also with a generous fund of decency and sensitivity. Very quickly they came to understand and to resist the efforts of McCarthy and John Taber on Capitol Hill, of McLeod and Secretary Dulles in the State Department, to scuttle and stultify the information program. They responded with genuine indignation when they saw able officials of the IIA such as Reed Harris and Theodore Kaghan pilloried by the McCarthy subcommittee. They experienced real outrage over the Nazi-like book-burning directives that went out from the State Department to the IIA's overseas libraries.

They turned for help to the Administration in which they had taken their places with pride as "public servants." The President was too busy to see them. The President's assistant, Sherman Adams, could talk only in terms of "expediency." When they went to C. D. Jackson, the President's adviser on psychological warfare, to ask for White House backing in a showdown with McCarthy, they were told that it was Eisenhower's "passion not to offend anyone in Congress." Secretary Dulles had no interest whatever in them, in books, or in an information program. Undersecretary Walter Bedell Smith seemed to be an intimate of McCarthy; the hard-pressed IIA administrators found him personally cooking a curried lamb dinner for the Junior Senator from Wisconsin when they most needed his help.

THE great virtue of Merson's book lies in its recognition of the elementary political fact that the real responsibility for McCarthy's reign of terror belonged to those members of the Eisenhower Administration who kowtowed to the Senator instead of resisting him on grounds of essential principle. The picture of the Administration which Merson conveys is a sickening one.

At the end of five months, Johnson, broken in health, felt impelled to resign; Merson, of course, went with him. Nothing in their tenure of office so became them as their relinquishment of it. Indeed, it might have been a great deal better for them and for the country had they quit in outraged disgust as soon as they saw what they were up against. They stayed too long to escape some share of culpability for the policies forced upon them.

Nevertheless, if they came into office like lambs ready for shearing, they went out in something like the style of lions. They put into effect, at the very end of their term of service, a rational book policy. And they defied McCarthy rousingly when he attacked them for doing so. Perhaps there was some measure of justification for Merson's claim: "I could see clearly that the tide had begun to turn. I was proud that the IIA had been the first to set it in motion. We had managed to push Dulles and Eisenhower into the ring with McCarthy."

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Four Angles on France

FLESH AND BLOOD. By Francois Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Farrar, Straus and Company. $3.

THE ROYAL HUNT. By Pierre Moinot. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THE BEST BUTTER. By Jean Dutourd. Translated by Robin Chancellor. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

BONJOUR TRISTESSE. By Francoise Sagan. Translated by Irene Ash. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

By Haakon Chevalier

THESE four novels are all by young or beginning writers—though Mauriac, who was thirty-five when his appeared, is now seventy. The other three were published in France only recently and were all prize-winners. All have freshness and vigor. Each reveals an aspect of France from a personal angle.

"La Chair et le sang," which appeared in 1920, was Francois Mauriac's third novel, preceding by two years "Le Baiser au lepreux," which made him famous. All Mauriac's novels, it may be said, deal with passion and Catholicism on the banks of the Garonne. "Flesh and Blood" is a poorly constructed but nevertheless absorbing novel, in which one seems to witness the process by which a craftsman achieves mastery of his material. It begins with the return nome of Claude Favereau, a vigorous, book-loving peasant, from the seminary, which he is leaving because the call to the priesthood in him is not sufficiently strong. He falls in love with May Dupont-Gunther, the spoiled daughter of a dreadful Bordeaux business man who is the new owner of the property on which Claude's family works and who belongs to the Reformed religion. A furtive kiss exchanged by the two leads May to marry the man of her father's choice, whom she detests, and to embrace Catholicism without conviction, and leaves Claude distraught and at loose ends for the rest of the novel. The focus shifts to Edward, May's brother, a dilettante and predestined suicide, and his passionless love affair with Edith Gonzales, daughter of his father's ex-mistress. Mauriac's fervor, his dedication, and his sense of life inform this early novel, and his gifts as a painter of the world of the senses and as a dissector of souls are already apparent.

IT IS hard to put one's finger on the specific quality of Pierre Moinot's "The Royal Hunt" that saves it from being what it almost is—a fable in which nothing is engaged but the surface. The surface is very agreeable. The novel takes us into the mountain country of the Vosges and into a rather beguiling realm of romance. There is a love story, and there is hunting of wild boar and deer, and the tracking down of an elusive gang of poachers on the great hunting preserve. The tale itself, well-paced, is engagingly natural and uncontrived. But the characters, though they are quite credible, exist only in the moments we see them, and have no past or future. No ideas, motives, or emotions are more than superficially explored. And the impact of the whole is pictorial rather than dramatic. What saves it is an elusive poetic quality that is not so much in the writing as in the succession of details that make up the flow of the narrative.

Young Philippe Lussac, bearing fresh scars from an unhappy love and permanently disillusioned, so he thinks, with women, is off on a hunting trip with his older friend Henri Guifred on the latter's property. The theme of hunting is developed on three levels—hunting for game, the manhunt, and the pursuit of love. Here the hunter becomes the hunted. The reversal by which Helene Servance brings Philippe to bay is also poetic. The novel has something of the quality of a medieval tapestry: two-dimensional, its colors mellowed, with its stylized vegetation, its hunters and hounds, and a wounded stag.

"THE BEST BUTTER" is a savage satire. It relates the epic story of Charles-Hubert and Julie Poissonard, keepers of a little dairy-products shop on the rue Pandolphe in Paris during the years 1940 to 1950. By the end of this period they have accumulated a fortune of 47,000,000 francs and a country estate, and have married their daughter off to a deputy. Their rise to riches begins with the discovery that the German occupants are "correct," and Julie's hunch that food supplies will become scarce. Capitalizing on their country's humiliation and their fellow-citizens' misery, lying, cheating, playing up to the Germans, diluting the milk, larding the butter, manipulating ration cards, hoarding and black-marketing, gorging themselves while their neighbors starve, they breeze blithely through the occupation years, the Liberation, and the early post-war, making money right and left, inventing new infamies, ignorant, coarse, shameless, full of self-righteousness. In contrast to them, Leon Lecuyer, a neighbor, young intellectual and escaped prisoner, plays the role of ardent patriot, alternately touching and ludicrous. Imprisoned for plotting to assassinate Laval, he is released after the Liberation. His promising career as a school teacher is nipped in the bud because he refuses to be bribed into giving his hopelessly backward pupil Riri Poissonier a passing grade.

Thus vice is rewarded, and virtue punished, both rolled into an explosive package by the author, who writes with gloating ferocity, reveling in his virtuosity. A host of secondary characters form a lively supporting cast. Scenes like the Poissonards' visit to Marshal Petain with a gift of a dozen eggs, or M. Poissonard initiating the building of a barricade in the rue Pandolphe after the danger of street-fighting is over, are hilarious comedy. The moral of the novel is: Go into the dairy business.

WHEN "Bonjour Tristesse" received the Critics' Prize last year, Francois Mauriac made some rather trenchant comments on the jury's selection, referring to the author as "a charming monster of eighteen," and making the point that while the literary merit of the "cruel" book written by this "dreadful little girl" was beyond question, there were other books of equal merit "that bear witness to the spiritual life of France." The success that this novel has enjoyed all over Europe is un-

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HAAKON CHEVALIER, translator, critic, and novelist, is at work on a new novel, "The Man Who Would Be God."

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doubtedly due in part to the particularly heady blend of ingenuous charm and depravity that it exudes, though this would have been inoperative had it not found a shape adequate to its impact.

Leaving aside the miracle of its having been written by so young a writer, the novel achieves that additional dimension by virtue of which a work of art transcends its subject matter, as in classic tragedy. Stripped to its baldest terms, it is the story of a girl who, faced with a choice between recognized good and recognized evil, chooses the latter and thereby precipitates tragedy. It is of course much more complicated than that. Good and evil are too absolute terms. When Cecile plots to have Elsa, her father's most recent mistress, recapture him from Anne for just one brief encounter, she does not see her choice as irrevocable. Taking her first lover not only does not tip the scales decisively one way or the other; it contributes to the ambiguity with which her path is strewn. And the fact that the tragedy, as far as her moral responsibility goes, is a fortuitous consequence of her choice affords her no escape from its implications. The step-by-step development of the plot, the accumulating tension, the economy of means, the creation of mood, all reveal a gift of a high order. On the other hand, the comparison with Radiguet is quite inept. There is nothing experimental about Francoise Sagan's writing. She is not out to explore new worlds. She follows familiar paths. But she treads them with exemplary grace.

FRANCOIS MAURIAC complained just the other day about the translation of his article in *Look* magazine on the choice of an American for the Papacy, which he said appreciably distorted or significantly altered the meaning of some of the things he expressed. He will be no happier with the present translation, an inexcusably sloppy job by a translator who certainly does not lack experience. Of the four novels under consideration, only "Bonjour Tristesse" has been wholly fortunate in its English incarnation, though Miss Ash often gracefully skirts difficulties rather than meets them. But she at least recognizes them. The translations of Moinot's and Dutourd's novels read well enough, though they lack style, but the latter in particular contains far too many errors, inaccuracies, and infelicities. Publishers would be well advised to follow a policy adopted by Unesco for its publications, which is to have all translations revised by an expert linguist.

A Verbal Work of Art

ASPECTS OF CHINESE PAINTING. By Alan Priest. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE first paragraph of this wise and charming book by the curator of Far Eastern art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art reads as follows:

> One of the early Chinese philosophers, Chuang Tzu I think, once dreamed he was a butterfly and spent the rest of his life in worry lest he was in fact a butterfly dreaming he was a man. Both Chinese and Westerners smile at this seemingly innocent and beguiling fantasy. But if you stop to ponder on it, turning it this way and that, you will find it full of meaning, just as the ephemeral bubbles blown of soap and water, seeming no more than a brief diversion for the very young, in fact inform one of many things without the boredom of a wordy lecture. A gossamer bubble aglow with rainbow colors, floating on the lightest breeze and in an instant exploded —almost nothing, yet it is a completely perfect thing. Fragile and evanescent, it is a sphere like the sun and moon and the planet we live on and as such is a reminder of them.

Several of the fifteen essays it contains have appeared in the museum's bulletin, but they have been revised for the present publication. Others are entirely new. All of them are concerned primarily, but not exclusively, with examples owned by the Metropolitan, whose magnificent collections in this field are themselves a tribute to Mr. Priest's discrimination. Four fine color plates give some taste of the subtlety of the originals, and fifty good halftone cuts point up the brilliance of Mr. Priest's criticism.

Nothing in the history of art makes more demands on the critic than Chinese painting. It picks his brains, challenges his most delicate perception, charms his senses, tests both his knowledge and his soul. To misfire in such criticism, to seem loutish in such exalted company, would be as fatal as it appears to be inevitable. In the book's 130-odd pages there is, I think, not a single false move. These essays are as surely works of art as the paintings they discuss. Verbal works of art inspired by visual ones: shall we not accept with gratitude such lines as "bats whickering around in pursuit of fat-bellied night moths"?

On purpose I have not analyzed the content of these gentle homilies. Suffice it to say that they instruct the cultivated general reader—and inform the experts—about the landscapes, the genre themes, the insects, the birds, and the animals both real and fantastic as the great painters of China, meditating upon them, came to comprehend them.

The dragons are taken care of in the last paragraphs of all:

> Compare a medieval dragon with a Chinese dragon. Both are fantastic, but ever and always your Chinese dragon and all the other beasts are logical creatures. The Western dragon is a lumpy, unwieldy creature, somewhat pinned together. The Chinese dragon out of glorious fish into a creature of air is far more logical, far more believable.
>
> A man can be sensible and make his own private world secure with facts—and there are enough wonders of bird and beast and insect life to satisfy him. There are enough real animals at the zoo for any man to be sure of, but from the beginning of civilization man has invented fanciful beasts. Why not? They are lovely beasts, and the Chinese beasts are the most lovely and lovable of all.

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IN EARLY ISSUES
"Captain Dreyfus"
by Nicholas Halasz
Reviewed by Matthew Josephson
"The Genius and the Goddess"
by Aldous Huxley
Reviewed by Carlos Baker
"The Greek Myths"
by Robert Graves
Reviewed by Moses Hadas

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Books in Brief

Our Basic Freedoms

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. By William L. Chenery. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

In these days of anti-democratic demagogy it is gratifying to come upon a new book that defends the Bill of Rights with positive forthrightness. This pleasure is augmented by the fact that the author is not a brash liberal but a tough-minded conservative journalist. Mr. Chenery has been a newspaperman for almost half a century and for almost half that time he was editor of *Collier's*. Now in retirement, he has been so disturbed by the campaign of intolerance and repression stimulated by our dread of communism that he has written this book in courageous defense of the American freedoms.

Although the title connotes concentration on only one of them, Mr. Cheney discusses all the basic freedoms with equal cogency. He traces the fight for human liberty carried on by Milton, Locke, and the American leaders who fathered the Revolution in 1776 and supported the Bill of Rights a decade later. "Freedom to think as the citizen pleases," he declares, "is the foundation of American freedom. It is what makes American freedom unique."

Proud of the long-run efficacy of American democracy, Mr. Chenery rebukes those who seek to curb or undermine it. He surveys the efforts of these anti-libertarians throughout our history and exposes their essential un-Americanism. Thus he maintains that in our first decade as a nation we were confronted by an external danger fully as grievous as the one we are facing today. Yet when the excesses and intrigues of the French Jacobins frightened our Congress into enacting the Alien and Sedition Acts, this subversion of the Bill of Rights was vigorously opposed by Jefferson and a host of sturdy Americans who soon brought about the defeat of the Federalists.

In dealing with the current attacks upon our freedoms, Mr. Chenery insists that our most potent weapon against the Communist danger is the freedom enjoyed by our citizens. He denounces the recent efforts of self-appointed patriots, in and out of Congress, to harness Americans into the yoke of conformity and to persecute those who prefer to think for themselves. He scorns the assertion that it is necessary to fight the devil with fire. Such means, he claims, are not only abortive but a "betrayal of American principle."

The book also devotes separate chapters to a defense of the freedom to publish, to exhibit movies, and to use the radio and television. Such discussion would have seemed gratuitous during the nineteenth century or even in the 1930's, when our established freedoms were taken for granted. Now, however, with McCarthyism only slightly subdued and with fear and confusion still prevalent, such a book by a conservative American is most timely.

Governor Roosevelt

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK. By Bernard Bellush. Columbia. $5.

Mr. Bellush began his study of Roosevelt's governorship with the belief that it lacked the luster achieved by his predecessor, Alfred E. Smith; he was inclined to accept Walter Lippmann's devastating dictum that Roosevelt was "a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President." After a careful, if pedestrian study of Roosevelt's activities and development during his four years as governor, Mr. Bellush still finds fault with certain acts and decisions that speak more for Roosevelt the politician than for the social crusader, but these lapses he considers minor in the light of F. D. R.'s achievements. Moreover, he concludes that as governor Roosevelt increasingly fought for the social reforms that later composed the program of the New Deal.

Roosevelt, Mr. Bellush demonstrates, did not assume office equipped "with formalized economic principles." He came to Albany as a man of good will, a Wilsonian liberal ready to follow in the footsteps of his popular predecessor. (He overlooks the fact that Roosevelt from the very first day in Albany asserted his independence of Al Smith and soon outstripped him as a liberal.) Roosevelt was a thorough pragmatist, but he had the great ability of keeping his mind open and active. The severe economic crisis gave him the opportunity to reveal one of his most constructive traits—a willingness to experiment in the people's behalf. In striking contrast to President Hoover, he was bound neither by custom nor by conservatism, and in his eagerness to allay human suffering he arrived at a social philosophy that was repugnant to Mr. Hoover. "In broad terms I assert that modern society, acting through its government, owes the definite obligation to prevent the starvation or the dire want of any of its fellow men and women who try to maintain themselves but cannot." This philosophy, proclaimed by the New Deal, Roosevelt brought to Washington from Albany.

Art History

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF THE ANCIENT ORIENT. By Henri Frankfort.
SCULPTURE IN BRITAIN: The Middle Ages. By Lawrence Stone. The Pelican History of Art, Penguin Books. $2.50.

These volumes, the seventh and eighth of the forty-eight-volume history of art under the editorship of Nicolaus Pevsner, are similar in format but differ vastly in scope. As befits an English production the study of English art receives more detailed attention than its overall importance deserves, yet one can only be grateful for Stone's summary of archaeological discussion culled from journals of small circulation and from the surprisingly few books of general coverage which have surveyed British sculpture of the Middle Ages. Some 90 per cent of the original material was destroyed in the sixteenth-century dissolution of the monasteries and by the Puritans a hundred years later. Furthermore, restorers of a century ago systematically removed the original painted surface of most of what was left. Thus the study of what was once a major field of production, rivaling the work of France and Germany, is reduced to the most difficult kind of archaeology, perhaps no less compli-

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cated than that which is involved in the study of the ancient Near East.

Henri Frankfort's volume is his last work. This distinguished scholar, who was associated with the Oriental Institute in Chicago before he became Director of the Warburg Library in London, spent nearly ten years in developing the present synthesis of the study of some 2,500 years of Sumerian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Hittite, Phoenecian, Syrian, and ancient Persian art and architecture. The book was all but finished when he died, just a year ago. Its importance may be suggested indirectly by the fact that most of the material it contains has been discovered in the past twenty-five years. Thus Assyrian and Persian art fall into a much broader and more ancient cultural context and are here reinterpreted as late examples of very old attitudes. Archaic as they may seem by Greek standards, the cultures of the Near East have their own variations and formal evolutions.

Records

B. H. Haggin

CAPITOL P-8310 offers a first recording of Musorgsky's *Sunless* cycle, whose six songs are perhaps the finest examples of his fully developed style of subtly inflected vocal declamation, and are sung very beautifully by Maria Kurenko with Vsevolod Pastukhov at the piano. The envelope gives summaries of the texts by Kurenko; but with songs as closely related to the words as these (and as Wolf's) the full effect requires the complete texts— and not only literal English translations but transliterated versions of the Russian. The record also offers songs of Prokofiev and Gretchaninov.

The strikingly original idiom of Janacek's "Slavonic Mass" is not heard in his narrative song-cycle "Tagebuch eines Verschollenen" ("Diary of One Who Vanished"), which I have found uninteresting. Epic LC-3121 offers a recording of an excellent 1954 Holland Festival performance by Ernst Haefliger, tenor, Cora Canne Meyer, mezzo-soprano, and a little chorus with Felix de Nobel at the piano.

The two records of Epic SC-6005 offer the Holland Festival performance of another work of Janacek, the opera "Aus einem Totenhaus" ("From a House of the Dead"). The libretto is adapted from Dostoyevsky's novel about life in a Siberian prison camp; and for its action—including the prisoners' stories of the episodes that had brought them to the camp—Janacek uses a style ranging from declamatory arioso to mere detached ejaculation, which is powerful and grim and may be effective in support of action seen on a stage but is monotonous when listened to by itself. The performance by soloists and chorus and orchestra of the Netherlands Opera under Alexander Krannhals is good.

Vanguard has issued another record of performances by the countertenor Alfred Deller, Bach Guild 547, "Music of Henry Purcell, Jenkins, and Locke," on which the best things are three fine vocal pieces by Purcell: *Here let my life* from the Cantata "If ever I more Riches Did Desire"; *Since from my dear Astrea's sight* from "Dioclesian"; and the better-known *Oh! let me forever weep* from "The Fairy Queen." They are sung beautifully with good harpsichord and viol accompaniments by Gustav Leonhardt and a "consort of viols."

THE four Handel Sonatas for flute and harpsichord Op. 1 Nos. 1, 4, 5, and 9 on Oiseau-Lyre 50040 have surprised me by turning ou to be quite uninteresting, and in this respect unlike some of the fine sonatas for violin in the Op. 1 group. Beautiful performances by Rampal and Nef.

Epic LC-3131 offers Mozart's charming Sonata K.306 for piano and violin, the Sonata K.481 with its outstanding slow movement, the unfamiliar and inconsequential Variations K.360 on "Helas, j'ai perdu mon amant," and the Sonata K.11, which as a product of the eight-year-old Mozart is amusing. Alice Heksch, whose piano-playing in Mozart violin sonatas on an earlier record was so exciting in its continuity of tension and outline, plays with an aggressive emphasis this time that gets to be wearying and unpleasant; and Nap de Klijn's violin-playing is undistinguished.

Mozart's Trio K.542 is on London LL-1177, played acceptably by the Trio di Trieste, but without the fluidity and grace and incandescence of the Jambor-Aitay-Starker performance on the Period record; and the pianist's heavily over-assertive playing in Beethoven's Trio Op. 70 No. 1 on the reverse side leads me to suspect that his is the dead weight in the Mozart performance.

The Musical Arts Quartet plays well in much of Mozart's Quartet K.421 and part of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet; but in the minuet movement of the Mozart and the fast movements of the Schubert its playing is unpoised and rigid in its hurry and drive, and unsubtle in inflection. The violin sound is coarse, and is distorted near the ends of the sides.

London LLA-23 offers all four of Bloch's string quartets, played well by the Griller Quartet. Of these No. 4 is new, and turns out to be even more disappointing than No. 3 was. The best is No. 2, which exhibits a refinement and subtilization of the idiom of the early works, and whose slow portions offer some of the most beautiful writing Bloch has done. And of this one there is an excellent performance by the Musical Arts Quartet on a Vanguard record.

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Letters

Miami Strike Ads Refused

Dear Sirs: I'd like to call your attention to an error in fact that appeared in Bryan L. Donaldson's otherwise good story about the strike situation in Miami Beach in your July 16 issue. Donaldson, referring to efforts of the Miami Beach Hotel Association to force newspapers to suppress union advertising referring to the strike, says that "a Philadelphia newspaper is the only one that has turned down a union ad." At least five major dailies refused to run a union ad even before the association mailed out its intimidatory wire. As reported in Labor's Daily on May 27, these papers were the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Washington Post, the Detroit News, and the Boston Traveller. The ad involved simply stated that a strike was in progress against certain hotels. It listed them, and advised its members who might be planning to go to Miami Beach for work to contact their local union first. One paper—I believe the Plain Dealer—had "no space." Two found it controversial. Two found it to be against their policy.

RALPH SCOOP WHITE,
Editor, Labor's Daily.
Charleston, W. Va.

Sheppard Case

Dear Sirs: I wish to applaud your recent stand on the Lattimore case in the July 16 issue, and was happy to see that you took your position forthrightly without bowing either to the Right or to the Left. Yet I cannot but regret that you seem to refrain from commenting on any cases without political implications. While no one deplores the excesses of McCarthyism more than myself, and while I would rather see ten enemies go free than see one traditional liberty violated, I feel that these incidents are a small part of the total picture. There were many to speak for Owen Lattimore, including myself; but who will speak for Dr. Sheppard? The only magazine today which concerns itself with similar cases is Argosy, which is not much read by liberals.

There is considerably less evidence to prove that Dr. Sheppard killed his wife than that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of the crime for which they were convicted. Where are there any echoes today of that cry that went round the world. If the Sheppards had been anarchists instead of osteopaths we would hear about the case. If you are politically and socially respectable and then convicted of a crime, the fact of being untainted actually works to your disadvantage as far as popular sympathies go.

ROGER N. PARRIS
Hayesville, Ohio.

"A Little Shake-Up"

Dear Sirs: How true, Steven Warshaw's Raiding the Jobless in your July 23 issue! But it isn't all the machinations of business groups. Too much of it comes from the little man, or even the steadily employed union worker who sees it all as a racket. Right now, too many people seem to think, we're sailing along in fair weather; hence we can throw overboard or leave behind extra gear—at least until another storm hovers. Maybe what we need right now is a little shake-up, to take us out of our smugness.

Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM BROWN

When Is Democracy Not Democracy?

Dear Sirs: Frankly, I'm worried about the status of democracy in the United States. As a native-born American, a veteran, a taxpayer, an active citizen, a father, a practicing professional, and a believer in liberty, equality, and democracy generally, I'm worried.

Why, in a democracy, can the F. B. I. or any other agency photograph each private citizen entering a public hearing or public trial? Why, in a democracy, at Congressional hearings, are witnesses constantly confronted with the accusation: "You signed a petition . . ." or "You attended a meeting . . ." or "You sponsored a newspaper ad"? By what constitutional license can the citizen's right to petition and free assembly and free speech be infringed upon?

When is democracy not a democracy? When it is native American fascism. Huey Long was certainly correct when he said that fascism would come to America wrapped in the American flag.

JEROME J. VIELIE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Information Desired

Dear Sirs: As centennial historian of the National Education Association, 1857-1957, I am eager to obtain sidelights and anecdotes about well-known educators. Any help that the readers of The Nation can give me will be gratefully received and discreetly utilized.

EDGAR B. WESLEY
P. O. Box 1201
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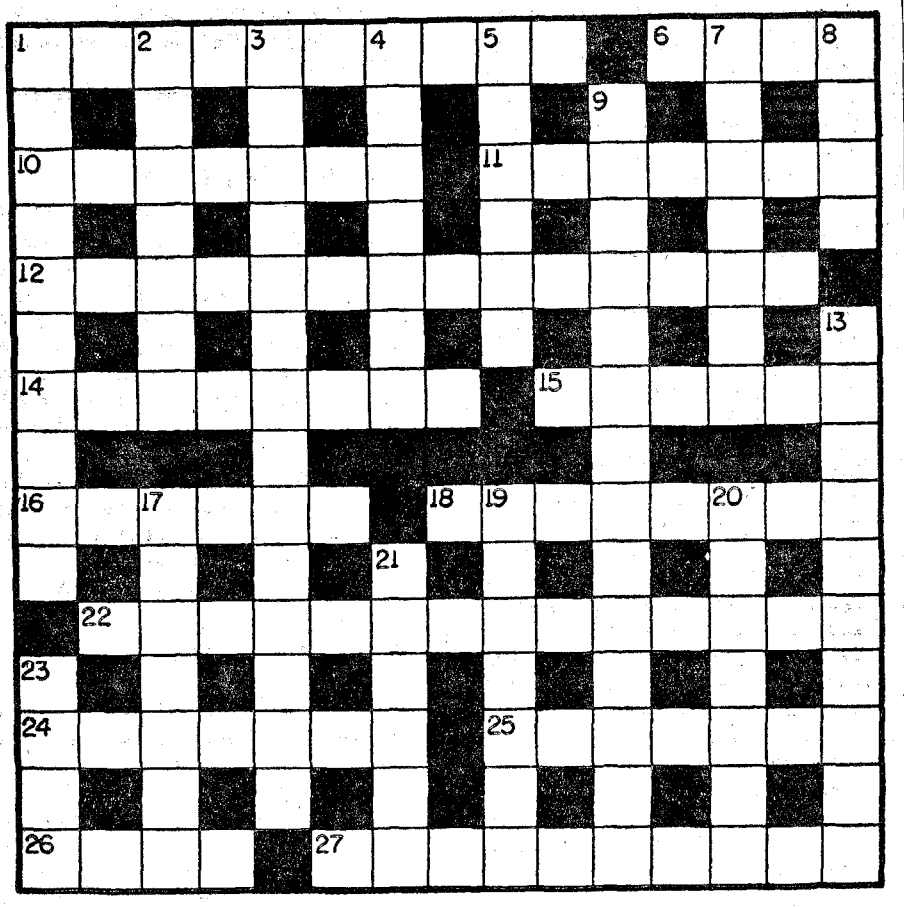
Crossword Puzzle No. 632

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 22 across
6 With or without a cap, has a strong potential. (4)
10 See 14. (7)
11 The time of Othello? (7)
12 Is the rest in the crib if you do? (5,4,1,4)
14 A representative of them, or 10 with a sort of them. (8)
15 Where the ore is refined. (6)
16 Prompt in mention of it. (6)
18 Eager to be like the well-dressed crowd? (5,3)
22 and 1 across A question of time which is not well done? (4, 2, 2, 4, 2, 1, 3, 2, 4)
24 Stick in the most essential part. (7)
25 Certainly not on the inside track, to make it brief! (7)
26 With 6, a sort of seat belt. (4)
27 It might be difficult to 16 people with this. (10)

DOWN

1 Pertaining to th craft of aircraft? (10)
2 A morbid affectation. (7)
3 An unfit state implying orders in your hat? (14)
4 Merely what is hard and cold in a moral principle. (7)
5 See 8 down
7 Responsible for the blindness of a man in our town? (7)
8 and 5 down Still less sensitive! (4, 6)
9 The organization of the bar used to be led by suit, perhaps. (6,8)
13 Versifiers who like to sample American short story now and then? (10)
17 Sticks here in the island.(7)
19 Might one be both wise and disapproving? (4,3)
20 Does it make the rest lie fallow? (7)
21 Advancement, like a small amount of money. (6)
23 Payment which might show cost. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 631

ACROSS: 1 ALLAH; 4 GIVEN NAME; 9 ENCOMPASS; 10 NIGHT; 11 INSINCERE; 12 PREEN; 13 MARIONETTE; 17 INTIMIDATE; 21 RURAL; 22 HARD SAUCE; 23 SOUPY; 24 FAST BREAK; 25 SATIRISTS; 26 ROSIN. DOWN: 1 ACETATE; 2 LOCUST; 3 HUMANS; 4 GRAVEYARD SHIFTS; 5 VESTED INTERESTS; 6 NINEPINS; 7 AIGRETTE; 8 ENTENTES; 14 DIERESIS; 15 STARDUST; 16 EMPLOYER; 18 ISOBAR; 19 TUNERS; 20 WEAKEN.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

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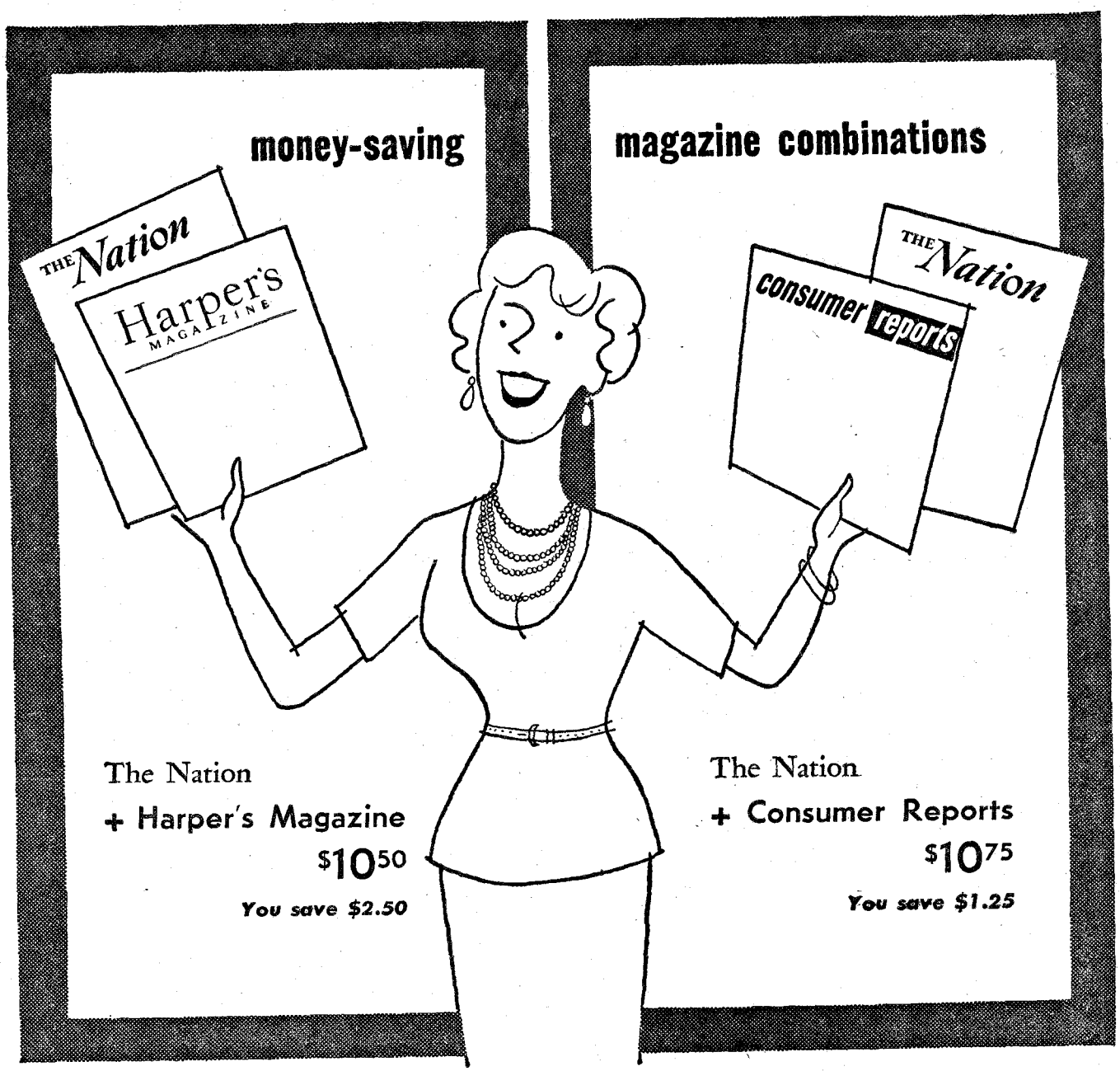

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